

THE INWARD LEGRE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLAW

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of a fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who dies in prison and is owned by his father. He tries to get work and fails.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"I wish I could help you, old man. As it is, my only salary barely serves to keep me in neckties. Wall street's great fun, but it doesn't pay much; that is, not unless you play the game yourself."

Howard smiled feebly as he replied:

"Nonsense—I wouldn't accept help of that sort. I'm not reduced to soliciting charity yet. I guess I'd prefer the river to that. But if you hear of anything, keep me in mind."

The athlete made no response. He was apparently lost in thought when suddenly he blurted out:

"Say, Jeffries, you haven't got any money, have you—say, a couple of thousand dollars?"

Howard started at the questioner as if he doubted his sanity.

"Two thousand dollars!" he gasped.

"Do you suppose that I'd be wearing out shoe leather looking for a job if I had \$2,000?"

Coxe looked disappointed as he replied:

"Oh, of course, I understand you haven't it on you, only I thought you might be able to raise it."

"Why do you ask?" inquired Howard, curiously aroused.

Coxe looked around to see if any one was listening. Then in a whisper he said:

"It's a cinch. If you had \$2,000, you and I could make a snug little fortune. Don't you understand? In my office I got the inside of the market. I know in advance what the big men are going to do. When they start to move, I understand you, I'm on the job. Understand? If you had \$2,000, I could raise as much, and we'd pool our capital. Starting in the middle of ourselves—on a small scale, of course. If we hit it right we might make a nice income."

Howard's mouth watered. Certainly was the kind of life he liked.

"I'm afraid not, old sport," he said as they left the saloon and he held out his hand to say good-by. "But I'll bear it in mind, and if things improve, I'll look you up. So long."

Climbing wearily up the dirty stairs of the elevated railroad, he bought a ticket with one of the few nickels remaining in his pocket, and taking a car on a north-bound train started on his trip back to Harlem.

The day was overcast, rain threatened. A pall of mingled smoke and mist hung over the entire city. From the car window as the train wound its serpentine course in and out the maze of grimy offices, shops and tenements, everything appeared dirty and squalid. New York was seen at its ugliest. Encoined in a cross-seat, his chin leaning heavily on his hand, Howard gazed dejectedly out of the window. The dreary outlook was in keeping with his own state of mind.

How would the adventure end? Reconciliation with his father was out of the question. Letters sent home remained without response. He wasn't surprised. He knew his part was too well to expect that he would be so soon. Besides, if the old man was so infernally proud, he'd show him he had some pride, too. He'd draw himself before he'd go down on his knees, whining to be forgiven. His father was dead wrong, anyway. His marriage might have been foolish; Annie might be beneath him socially. She was not educated and her father wasn't better than a pauper. She had manners left much to be desired, at times he was secretly ashamed of her. But her bringing up was her misfortune, not her fault. The girl herself was straight as an arrow. She had a heart of gold. She was far more intelligent, far more likely to make him a happy home than some stuck-up, idle society girl who had no thought for anything save money, dress and show. Perhaps his part had been less honorable and not married her, his father would have thought more highly of him. If he'd ruined the girl, no doubt he would have been welcomed home with open arms. Father! He must be a fool. He had to go, but thank God, they couldn't reproach him with that. Annie had been loyal to him throughout. He'd stick to her through thick and thin.

As the train swept round the curve at Fifty-third street and started on its long, straight run up the West side, his mind reverted to Robert Underwood. He had seen his old associate only once since leaving college. He ran across him one day on Fifth avenue. Underwood was coming out of a curl shop. He explained hurriedly that he had left Yale, and when asked about his future plans talked vaguely of going in for art. His manner was frigid and nervous—the attitude of the man who fears he may be approached for a small loan. He was evidently well aware of the change in his old associate's fortunes, and having squeezed all he could out of him, had no further use for him. It was only when he had disappeared that Howard suddenly remembered a loan of \$250 which Underwood had never repaid. Some time later Howard learned that he occupied apartments

at the exclusive and expensive Astoria, where he was living in great style. He went there determined to see him and demand his money, but the card always came back "not at home."

Underwood had always been a mystery to Howard. He knew him to be an inveterate gambler and a man entirely without principle. No one knew who his family were or where he came from. His source of income, was always a puzzle. At college he was always hard up, borrowing right and left and forgetting to pay, yet he always succeeded in living on the fat of the land. His apartments in the Astoria cost a small fortune; he dressed well, drove a smart turn-out and entertained lavishly. He was not identified with any particular business or profession. On leaving college he became interested in art. He frequented the important art sales and soon got his name in the newspapers as an authority on art matters. His apartment was literally a museum of European and oriental art. On all sides were paintings by old masters, beautiful rugs, priceless tapestries, rare ceramics, enamels, statuary, antique furniture, bronzes, etc. He passed for a man of wealth, and mothered with marriageable daughters, com-

ing to Howard, always ready to blame others for his own shortcomings. You remember Coxe! He was at Yale when I was. A big, fair fellow with blue eyes and a pulled stroke fit the variety boat race, you remember?"

"I think I do," replied his wife, indifferently, as she helped him to more stew. "What did he want? What's he doing in New York?"

"He's got a fine place in a broker's office in Wall Street. I felt ashamed to let him see me low down like this. He said that I could make a good deal of money if only I had a little capital. I know everything going on in Wall Street. If I went in with him I'd be on Easy Street."

"How much would it require?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"The young wife gave a sigh as she answered:

"I'm afraid that's a day dream. Only your father could give you such an amount and you wouldn't go to him, would you?"

"Not if we hadn't another crust in the house," snapped Howard savagely. "You don't want me to do you?"

"No, dear," she answered calmly. "I have certainly no wish that you should humble yourself. At the same time I am not selfish enough to want to stand in the way of your future. Your father and stepmother hate me, I know that. I am the cause of your separation from your folks. No doubt your father would be very willing to help you if you would consent to leave me."

Howard laughed as he replied:

"Well, if that's the price for the \$2,000 I guess I'll go without it. I wouldn't give you up for a million times \$2,000!"

Annie stretched her hand across the table.

"Really?" she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Engineering in Hospitals.

Practical all the important in- firmaries and hospitals in England have their own electric generating stations, and the size of the installations would surprise the majority of engineers. The equipment has to be designed with special care, owing to the special conditions which prevail in hospital work. Even where a public supply is available, the use of an independent system is justified on account of the security which it gives against failure of current at a critical moment. The installations are used for lighting, heating, ventilating, tele- phoning and other purposes, and many hospitals have laundries operated electrically. One county asylum has its own private electric railway for conveying supplies from the nearest railway station.

The Duration of Dreams.

Some of the most curious duration of dreams can be gathered from this experience of a man, on an sitting down for a dental operation, took gas and dreamed. He saw himself finish work, go to the club, leave for the station, go for a train and miss it. He returned to his club and reclined on a settee in the library. There he passed a miserable, restless night, getting gradually colder and colder as he sat in the chair. The furniture was gradually growing about his head and face from the hardness of his couch. Five o'clock in the morning came, and the steward roused him to say that the club must now be closed. The sleeping doctor felt very stiff and found that the steward was his dentist, and that the night's adventures had lasted exactly 42 seconds.

Party's Faith Not Kept.

The present tariff law was enacted in pursuance of a pledge to revise the tariff downward. The violation of the pledge was so flagrant that a number of Republican senators and representatives voted against its final passage. Such a sort of "circumlocution office," of which it will be recalled, Dickens said in his immortal "Little Dorrit":

"Whatever was required to be done, the circumlocution office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving how not to do it."

"How Not to Do It."

There is a suspicion that will not down that some of the shrewdest intellects in congress are now devoting their efforts toward making any tariff commission a sort of "circumlocution office," of which it will be recalled, Dickens said in his immortal "Little Dorrit":

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There Was a Reason.

When a negro was arrested the other day for wandering around the streets, he wore one of those invincible smiles. When he was taken before Magistrate Briggs he was still smiling.

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah don't know, sah," smiled the negro.

"Where do you live?"

"Ah don't know, sah."

"Where do you work?"

"At the Tem hotel, sah."

The magistrate thought that perhaps there was some truth in the negro's place of employment, so he thought he would see if the negro

young woman found herself in a heap in the street.

A young man whose boast it was he is always "on the job" in such emergencies, rushed to the fair one's assistance and helped her to pick herself up.

"Hurt yourself?" he asked, solicitously.

The young woman breathed hard, removed her hat from her left ear and rattled off in one breath: "None of your business. Beg your pardon, thank you."—Philadelphia Times.

"I wish I could help you, Old Man."

considering him an eligible young bachelor, hastened to invite him to their homes, none of them conscious of the danger of letting the wolf slip into the lambs' fold.

What a strange power of fascination, mused Howard as the train joggled along, men of Underwood's bold and reckless type wild, especially over women. Their very daring, and unscrupulousness seems to render them more attractive. He himself at college had fallen entirely under the man's spell. There was no doubt that he was responsible for all his troubles. Underwood possessed the uncanny gift of being able to bend people to his will. What a fool he had made of him at the university! He had been his evil genius, there was no question of that. But for meeting Underwood he might have applied himself to serious study, left the university with honors and be now a respectable member of the community. He remembered with a smile that it was through Underwood that he had met his wife. Some of the fellows hinted that Underwood had known her more intimately than he had pretended and had only passed her on to him because he was tired of her. He had made that as a lie. Annie, he could swear, was as good a girl as ever breathed.

He couldn't explain Underwood's influence over him. He had done with him what he chose. He wondered why he had not tried to resist. The truth was Underwood exercised a strange, subtle power over him. He had the power to make him do everything he wanted him to do, no matter how foolish or unreasonable the request. Every one at college used to talk about it. Howard had invited all his classmates to his rooms and made him cut up all kinds of capers. He at first refused, point blank—but Underwood got up and, standing directly in front of him, gazed steadily into his eyes. Again he commanded him to do these ridiculous, degrading things. Howard felt himself weakening. He was suddenly seized with the feeling that he must obey. Amid roars of laughter he recited the entire alphabet standing on one leg, he crowed like a rooster, he hopped like a toad, and he crawled abjectly on his belly like a snake. One of the fellows told him afterward that he had been hypnotized. He had laughed at it then as a good joke, but now he came to think of it, perhaps it was true. Possibly he was a subject. Anyway he was glad to be rid of Underwood and his uncanny influence.

The train stopped with a jerk at his station and Howard rode down in the

CAN DO NO REAL GOOD

IDEA OF TARIFF COMMISSION A MERE SUBTERFUGE.

Well Described by the New York Journal of Commerce as a "De- lusion and a Snare"—Sub- ject Too Partisan.

The New York Journal of Commerce, which has always doubted the value of the tariff commission's worth, thinks that it is better to keep the present tariff board than to adopt any of the changes which have been proposed in congress. Of the Longworth bill for a bipartisan commission of five members, not more than three of whom shall be of the same party, it says:

"That kind of device is a delusion and a snare, and unless we can have a tariff commission made up of economic experts and free from partisan bias, we may as well leave the matter to the regular committees of congress. It will come to the same thing in the end, the majority of the committee will control the investigations and the recommendations, and the minority will be impotent."

Concerning the suggestion that the work be turned over to a tariff bureau with a single head in one of the administrative departments, preferring the treasury, the Journal says:

"That would be no less one-sided. So long as the administration is devoted to a certain tariff policy its bureau would work for the support and maintenance of that policy. There would be no independence of in- quiries and no value in its recom- mendations. The bureaus of the various departments have all along been working in behalf of the established tariff, the consular service in the state department, the bureau of manufac- tures and the bureau of statistics in the department of commerce and labor are continually furnishing ma- terial to support the policy of the ad- ministration. It is a mere subterfuge to be the policy of congress in the matter of tariff, as of everything else. Independent investigation and compe- tent criticism are not to be expected of an official bureau."

In other words, in the official bureau, as in congress, a party policy is regarded as a good deal more impor- tant than public policy. Like mat- ter, like man, and the important thing in the eyes of bureau or other politi- cal employees is, first, to hold their jobs, and second, to hold their jobs, to keep the party in its job. To attain this end it must be made to appear that whatever the party does is right. Thus it can hardly be ex- pected that a bipartisan commission, which can be controlled by the majority of partisans, or a partisan bureau, would be of much service in the investigation of a subject so intensely partisan as the tariff.

Former Senator Smith of New Jersey says he is for "a just tariff," but of course that is a misprint. What he is really for is just tariff.

The Bath Tub Indictments.

President Taft gives warning in his message of a vigorous enforcement of the Sherman act against all dangerous or harmful trusts. There is to be no "running amuck," of course, but the question of desirable modifications of the act is to be permitted to be the prosecution of willful builders of oppressive monopolies.

The Detroit indictments in the bath tub and sink trust furnish an illustration of the meaning of the trust para- graph of the Sherman act. Assuming that the department of justice has no in any event expect the smallest benefit from amendments of the Sher- man law. If they had no other pur- pose than that of fleeing consumers, they would be of much service in the investigation of a subject so intensely partisan as the tariff.

Public Money Wasted.

In Kansas, according to Auditor James M. Nation, "thousands of dol- lars are wasted every year in printing reports and documents that have no value, and in duplicating reports of state officers." Nobody has ever had the courage to calculate how much money is misapplied and thrown away in the government printing office at Washington.

Idea a Mere Makehash.

The Democratic principle of a re- venue tariff needs no commission at all to apply it, and the task of framing the schedules would be comparatively simple. If the theory of protection is once admitted to be right, much may be said in favor of a commission. But to those who deny this proposition the commission can appear only as a makeshift.

Worse, and More of It.

Well, well, if Judge Anderson de- served the opprobrious epithets he was favored with from the greatest man that ever was, what will be fitting phrases for this same man to apply to the members of the Supreme court of the United States, all of whom have united in rejecting the fantastic inter- pretation of the law evolved by the mighty Bonaparte of Baltimore to get an alleged libel, published in New York, under the jurisdiction of the federal courts?

Short Discrepancy.

Under the Payne-Aldrich tariff, im- portations of zinc ore into this coun- try have fallen off one-fourth. Uncle Joe's historic promise to the zinc miners of Missouri has been fulfilled to the letter, excepting for the trivial discrepancy of 75 per cent.

The new year opens auspiciously for the real Republican party of the people, and for the country at large.

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WHERE GALLANTRY CEASES

One Thing That a Woman Has No Right to Expect From a Man.

"I always believe," he gallantly said, "in yielding to the ladies."

"I suppose you always give way to your wife when you and she happen to have an argument?"

"Invariably."

"And you never fail to relinquish yourself in the car when it happens that some one would have to stand unless you did so?"

"Certainly."

"Do you take off your hat when you get into an elevator where there are ladies?"

"I never fail to do that."

"If you had secured the last lower berth in a sleeper would you give it up to a lady who would otherwise have to occupy an upper?"

"Of course. I have done it frequently."

"In case you stood in line in front of a ticket window, would you be willing to go away back to the end so that some woman might have your place?"

"Say, what do you think I am—a fool?"

"Nurse Tells of Skin Cures."

"I have seen the Cuticura Remedies used with best results during the past twenty years. In my work as a nurse, many skin disease cases came under my observation, and in every in- stance, I always recommended the Cuticura Remedies as they always gave entire satisfaction. One case in particular was that of a lady friend of mine who had a chronic case of eczema which, covered her face and hands entirely, breaking out at intervals with severe torture. She could not go to school as the disfigurement looked terrible. I told her to get a box of Cuticura Remedies. After the use of only one set she was perfectly well."

"A grown lady friend was afflicted with salt rheum in one of her thumbs, and she was cured by the Cuticura Remedies. Still another lady had salt rheum in both palms of her hands every fall of the year. They used to be so painful she could scarcely wet her hands until she began to use the Cuticura Remedies which cured her. I have also seen them cure children of ringworm. The children's faces would be all circles and rings around the cheeks, and the neck, and after treatment with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment they were completely cured."

My husband had rheumatism on his arm and I used the Cuticura Ointment. It made his arm as limber and nice, whereas it was quite stiff before I began to apply the Ointment."

"Last May I had an ingrowing toe nail which was very painful, as the side of the nail was cutting right down in the side of my toe. I cut the nail out of the cavity it made, and of course applied the Cuticura Ointment to the part affected. It soothed it and in less than ten nights it was all healed through the use of the Ointment. Ten days ago I had my left hand and wrist burned with boiling lard, and Cuticura Ointment has completely cured them. I have just recommended the Cuticura Remedies to another friend, and she is pleased with the results and is recovering nicely. I will gladly furnish the names of the people referred to above if anybody doubts what I say." (Signed) Mrs. Margaret Hederson, 77 Highland Ave., Malden, Mass., Oct. 1, 1910.

Young at the Business.

General Howard was an invited guest at a dinner given by a boys' patriotic club. He was very young, "my boy," said the general to a doughty young trencherman. "If you love your flag as well as your dinner you'll make a good patriot."

"Yes, sir," said the boy: "but I've been practicing catch and twine, and I ain't owned a gun but six months."—Success Magazine.

Resinol is a Perfect Remedy for Pruritus and All Itching Skin Troubles.

Have used Resinol with the utmost satisfaction. A case of Pruritus Vulvae which seemed to defy all known remedies was at once relieved and promptly cured. It also acted in a like manner in a severe case of eczema that had almost driven the patient crazy. It is indispensable to this day and generation.

F. C. Innes, Philadelphia, Pa.

Avoiding the Executioner.

"Why does a hen cross the road?"

"So as to avoid getting into the chicken pie."—Judge.

For over fifty years Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and other painful ailments have been cured by Hamlin's Wizard Oil. It is a home remedy in a solvent case of eczema that had almost driven the patient crazy. It is indispensable to this day and generation.

F. C. Innes, Philadelphia, Pa.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 10 DAYS

TONIC CURE for all cases of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 10 days.

If some men were returned to pay as they go they would stay.

CIDER and LAUNDRY Bluing made. 2c a gallon. Send Box 872 Okmulgee, Okla.

Calculated piety is the poorest kind of calculation.

The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach

A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood is impure and insufficiently nourished.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

restores the flow of digestive juices, restores the liver and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, cleanses the system, restores the nerves, and makes man strong in body, active in mind.

This "Discovery" is a pure, glyceric extract of American medicinal roots, absolutely free from alcohol and all injurious habit-forming substances. It is printed on its wrapper. It has no relationship with secret nostrums. Its every ingredient is endorsed by the leaders in all the schools of medicine. Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy of known composition. Ask your druggist for many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS

ESTABLISHED 1878 '3, '3.50 & '4 SHOES FOR MEN

IF YOU COULD VISIT W. L. DOUGLAS LARGE FACTORIES IN BRIDGEPORT, MASS., AND SEE HOW CAREFULLY W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES ARE MADE, YOU WOULD THEN UNDERSTAND WHY DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR THEY ARE GUARANTEED TO HOLD THEIR SHAPE, LOOK & FIT BETTER AND WEAR LONGER THAN ANY OTHER \$3.50, \$5.00 OR \$4.00 SHOES YOU CAN BUY. Quality counts.—It has made W. L. DOUGLAS shoes a household word everywhere.

W. L. DOUGLAS name and the world price are stamped on the bottom, which is a safeguard against substitutes. The true values of which are unknown. Refuse all these substitutes. You are entitled to the best. Insist upon having the genuine W. L. DOUGLAS shoes.

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